SIERRA MADRE NEWS

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DATA COVERING WESTERN MINES

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY ISSUES BULLETINS SHOWING LOCATION OF DISTRICTS

The United States west of the 103d meridian, comprising the Rocky Mountain, Plateau, Desert, and Sierra Nevada regions, is one of the most important producers of precious and allied metals in the world. In this area are many mining regions or camps which are known as "mining districts." In most states the boundaries of these districts are well recognized and some of them are legally recorded, and nearly all can be plotted on state maps with a fair degree of accuracy. In the Mother Lode country of California, however, there are no "mining districts" in the sense that the term is used in the other states.

The output of the mines in the United States is reported yearly to the division of mineral resources of the United States Geological Survey, and by a study of the district reports for a number of years the values of the most important metals produced in each district can be fairly well determined. In some districts, notably those in Colorado, the values of several products are nearly equal, but in most of the districts the output of one metal has a greater value than that of the rest.

The United States Geological Survey has published reports on the economic geology of a large number of the mining districts of the country. In 1908 the Survey published in its annual volume "Mineral Resources of the United States" a map of the Western States showing the location of the mining districts. Bulletin 507, "Mining districts of the western United States," which contains a revised edition of the original map, together with much new material, is an index of the gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, quicksilver, iron, and rare-metal mining districts of the western states.

A geological introduction to this report, by Chief Geologist Waldemar Lindgren, not only gives a general summary of the geology of the states, but also describes in some detail the economic geology of the more important camps as well as some of the less widely known mining regions. This part of the report includes a small map of the western United States showing the general distribution of the mining districts.

The report contains two plates showing the areas covered by the topographic and geologic work of the United States Geological Survey—plates adapted from the Thirty-second Annual Report of the Director—and a separate map of each state except California (which is represented on two maps), showing the location of the mining districts and by appropriate symbols the principal metals produced in each. The report contains 14 of these state maps, showing the location and area of over 1,400 mining districts. The map including the largest number of districts is that of the northern counties of California, which contain 222 districts; the smallest is the map containing that of trans-Pecos Texas, which shows only 11 districts.

With every mining district symbol on each of these maps is a number which refers to its name in an accompanying list. A bibliography of the publications of the U. S. Geological Survey on each district is included in the text, as well as a condensed statement of the geology and nature of the ore deposits, a list of the metals produced, and the shipping point of the camp.

The bulletin contains the latest available information, but the Director of the Geological Survey desires any mistakes or omissions be brought to his attention by men in the field who are in a position to aid in this work.

Bulletin 507, "Mining Districts of the Western United States, by James M. Hill, with a Geologic Introduction by Waldemar Lindgren," may be obtained free on application to the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

ULTIMATE FREE TRADE.

Remote, however, as is the prospect of free trade in this country and academic as the question is today, it is hard to see how any one can doubt that free trade will ultimately be the policy and practice of this country and of all other enlightened and self reliant countries as well. The theory that we must make in our own country everything we consume and the theory that it is true prosperity to cut down and cut up, mine and burn, mine and melt and parcel out as fast as possible every bit of the resources of nature will fade out as civilization advances. It is simply impossible to conceive a free road to civilization and human progress unless the tariff walls are broken down. The protective system may do well enough for the present stage of the world's civilization, but it won't do for a civilization that is much more advanced nor for a human progress and a human brotherhood that are better conceived. The enlargement of national boundaries and the adoption of freedom of trade within those boundaries have made the area of free trade in the world much greater than the area of protectionist trade, because the internal trade is very much larger than the external trade. And the same sort of progress which now dominates within the nations will carry itself beyond the nations and over the world.—Secretary MacVeagh

SMALL, THE ORATOR

GAVE LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE TO FAIR-SIZED AUDIENCE SUNDAY EVENING

Rev. Sam Small, who has for many years held a high place among the great orators of the South, delivered his lecture on "Personal Liberty" at the Congregational church Sunday evening under the auspices of the Sierra Madre lodge of Good Templars. Although Rev. Small is no longer a young man on the lecture platform he is still able to hold his hearers by the forcefulness of his speech and with occasional sparks of humor he pleases the young as well as the old.

In his lecture he dealt with the liquor question as it confronts the American people of today and very clearly pointed out the evil effects of this world-wide curse upon humanity in all phases of life. He advocates that the liquor issue will be foremost in the minds of all people in the near future and must be settled and not cast aside as it has been continuously in the past.

Chas. R. Burger, county chairman of the Prohibition party, for whom Rev. Small has been filling a course of lectures, accompanied the speaker from Pasadena.

The local order of Good Templars is deserving of much credit for their efforts in securing Rev. Small to speak before a Sierra Madre audience and we are sure their efforts were crowned with success as everyone was pleased with the evening lecture.

ANOTHER AUTO TRIP

Several Sierra Madre parties are now absent from the city enjoying auto trips through various interesting portions of California and others are planning such trips later in the summer. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lawless, and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Letteau expect to enjoy a very pleasant vacation. They leave tomorrow morning in the "Thomas Flyer" auto belonging to Mr. Letteau for an extended trip through northern California. The first important stop will be made at the Presidio of Monterey where they will visit Lieut. and Mrs. W. F. Greacon. Mrs. Greacon is a sister of Mrs. Letteau. The party will then proceed to San Francisco and will spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carhart, Mrs. Carhart being a sister of Mr. Letteau. The course of the trip will then extend through the Grass Valley and the party will return to Sierra Madre some time in August. Charles Marshall will be the chauffeur and mechanician throughout the trip.

CONGREGATIONAL SERVICES

Services will be held at the Congregational Church on Sunday, both morning and evening. In the morning the pastor, Rev. W. H. Hannaford, will speak on "Conditions of Salvation." In the evening the exhortation or command "Let your light shine," will suggest the line of thought.

A COINCIDENCE

The London Daily Chronicle points out a curious coincidence, but does not give the source of its information. Senator Smith, who presided over the American inquiry into the wreck of the Titanic, has the habit of keeping favorite scraps of poetry in his pocketbook. For nineteen years he has carried with him the following stanza from the pen of A. T. Quiller-Couch:

Then she, the stricken hull,
The doomed, the beautiful,
Proudly to Fate abased
Her brow titanic
Praise now her multitude,
Who, nursed in fortitude,
Fell in on and deck and faced
Death without panic.

Coincidence has many things to answer for, and if it were not so trite we should be tempted to say that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

Some of the newspaper correspondents have to work without pause at conventions, grinding out interminable strings of copy for transmission by telegraph. On such occasions it is not uncommon for four or five who are friendly to each other to form combinations and exchange reports. This is done the simplest by having each writer make carbon copies of his day's work. Five weary correspondents were occupying one room in Michigan avenue, and four of them had keeled out on beds while the fifth continued to pound his mill. "What are you writing?" asked one of them after a while. "A letter to my wife." "Give us carbons," yelled the four in chorus.

Sierra Madre City Schools

School opens September 23, with the following faculty of teachers: Prof Ralph W. Maltbie, principal; Miss Grace Barris, 7th and 8th grades; Miss Josephine Rosenthal, 5th and 6th grades; Miss Matilda Thompson, 1st and 2nd grades.

The popular teachers of the two lower grade rooms, Misses Tager and Forsberg, have accepted positions in the Los Angeles City schools. The new teachers engaged for the coming year are graduates of the Los Angeles State Normal School and were selected with great care from a large number of applicants because of special fitness for the particular work which they are to undertake here.

At the Pasadena High School our boys and girls must compete with others from grammar schools having a ten months term and in order to give our graduates a more nearly equal footing among other students the local Board of Trustees has decided to lengthen the school year to nine and one-half months.

Principal R. W. Maltbie is devoting much time this summer to perfecting plans and otherwise preparing for next year's work.

In view of these facts a harmonious and progressive school year seems certain.

In connection with this article we are publishing an official statement as to the financial condition of the school as it is up to date.

STATEMENT OF BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES
Sierra Madre City Schools, 1911-12

	Salary Fund.	County Contingent Fund.	Special Tax Fund.	Building Fund.	Library Fund.	Total.
July 1, 1911.						
Bal. on hand.....	$ 746.80	$ 237.90	$ 966.19	$171.17	$49.37	$2,171.43
July 1, 1911 to July 1, 1912. Appointments	3,620.33	1,209.82	1,666.18		50.00	6,546.33
Totals	4,367.13	1,447.72	2,632.37	171.17	99.37	8,717.76
July 1, 1911, July 1, 1912. Disbursem'ts	3,350.00	751.17	1,727.67	145.00	50.43	6,024.27
July 2, 1912, Bal. on hand.....	1,017.13	696.55	904.70	26.17	48.94	2,693.49

NEW TROLLEY LINE ASSURED

As a result of a meeting held in Pasadena Tuesday afternoon it is an assured fact that trolley service between that city and Monrovia will soon become a reality. The only conditions now to be fulfilled before the line will be built are the securing of a right-of-way between the two cities, the raising of a bonus, and the placing on the market of the property along the line at prices sufficiently reasonable to attract the customers. The desired right-of-way continues along the present LamandaPark line on the road running east of Pasadena and it is reported that the owners of the Michillinda and Baldwin tracts, also of other small tracts lying along the line, are anxious to have the line established. A delegation from the local Board of Trade were expected to be present at the Tuesday afternoon meeting to discuss the question of better service and lower rates to Pasadena, but for some reason the delegation could not attend and this matter was postponed until a future meeting.

Mr. Mitchell left Friday for Kansas City on a three weeks' business trip.

WARNING TO CAMPERS

Upon the complaint of William Krowl, a U. S. government ranger, a man giving his name as John Sharp was placed under arrest charged with leaving a camp fire unextinguished in the Big Santa Anita Canyon on Sunday, July 7, an act of disobedience to the Forestry laws in the mountains. Mr. Sharp was brought to Sierra Madre Monday, July 15, and was compelled to pay a fine of $10. It being his first offense this minimum fine was given, but The News has been asked to print this article as a warning to other campers in the mountains that if any other persons are brought into court much heavier fines will be imposed and the court will not be so lenient as in this first case. It seems that Mr. Sharp together with a large number of companions are building camps in the Big Santa Anita and the rangers will no doubt have their hands full guarding against fires so dangerous to life and property in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Flint and family, also Harold Sherman, autoed to Long Beach Tuesday.

CHANGE IN LOCATION

TWO STORES COMBINED IN FINE LARGE BUILDING

After many weeks of work and preparation the new building located one door west of the O. K. Cash Department Store in the Kersting Court on Central Avenue has been completed and the business firm Clark & Graham, hardware merchants and plumbers, are moving the stock of goods from their present locations into the new room.

The task of moving such a quantity of goods as this firm carries is a difficult one and of necessity a few days must be taken before they can be settled again in the new building, although business will be carried on as usual during the time taken in moving.

Both parties of this firm have been situated in Sierra Madre for a sufficient time so that everyone should be thoroughly acquainted with the men and the quality of business that they do. With the many advantages which the new room gives for the business, making more room for the display of stock and for the handling of a greater variety and a larger supply, the firm ought to be able to serve the general public more advantageously in the future and will no doubt enjoy a larger and better business than heretofore.

The fact that Messrs. Clark and Graham have found it necessary to have more room in order to handle their business shows a sure sign of the increase of business here and gives some proof that Sierra Madre is growing in size as we hope it will continue to do in the future.

The report is being circulated that the Post Office is to occupy the room across from the P. E. station when it is vacated by the hardware company, but up to date no definite arrangements have been made.

DISTRICT MEETING HELD

The Merrill Lodge of Los Angeles invited representatives from the various orders of Good Templers throughout the Ninth district to meet with them for a union meeting last Monday evening. After a regular business session the visiting members were invited to partake of the enjoyments in a fine banquet which was thoroughly pleasing to all. Members were present from nearly all the lodges in the district and Sierra Madre was represented by a small number.

Some of the young people have been busily engaged in making long-needed repairs on the tennis court near Carter's camp and many enjoyable games have been played there during the cool evenings.

ELDRED GATES FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

RECEIVES CALL AT MEETING IN SOUTH PASADENA MONDAY EVENING

At a conference of representatives from cities of the 69th assembly district held in South Pasadena Tuesday evening July 9th three men, Mr. F. D. R. Moote, of Sierra Madre; Messrs. Eldred Gates and George Cattern of South Pasadena, were nominated as candidates to represent this district in the legislature.

Since the delegations from the various cities in the district had been selected on short notice it was decided to defer action upon the candidates until a future meeting.

Accordingly another meeting was called in Ong's hall Monday evening at which time Mr. Gates of South Pasadena was selected to become the candidate from the sixty-ninth district, on the Progressive Republican ticket to the assembly.

There were representatives from seven San Gabriel cities present at this gathering and although Mr. Gates is placed in the race on the Progressive Republican ticket according to an announcement he made in the meeting he is running for office on a business, non-partisan platform. In commenting on the Monday evening meeting the Pasadena Star says: "The idea in selecting Mr. Gates is to have a man in the assembly who is pledged to pave the way for legislation that will make the construction of the proposed outfall sewer from the San Gabriel valley to the sea, along lines that have been mapped out, a legal possibility. He also is pledged to work for other legislation that will be for the general good of this section of the state, as well as to work for the good of the state as a whole."

NEW ORCHESTRA ORGANIZED

An orchestra composed of Sierra Madre young people has been organized and will furnish music at the various services in the Congregational church. The members and the instruments played by each are as follows: Miss Mabell Caley, violin; Miss Winifred Graham, cello; Rudolph Hartman, clarinphone; Gilbert Bovard, flute; Robert Clark, guitar; Norman Jenson, mandolin. The new organization made its first appearance last Sunday evening and their music proved a great help to the service. Credit for this organization is due to Rudolph Hartman who is always planning something new and helpful along some line of city activity.

Sheridan Knowles once wanted a certain book and could not get it. A friend advised him to try a circulating library. This advice Knowles took, to the extent of paying a three months subscription at a library of which the proprietors were Saunders & Ottley, and then went into the country, where he stayed three months without drawing a book. Returning to town he called for the book, and was informed that his subscription had expired. At this he was very furious. He had paid a guinea, he said, and had nothing to show for the outlay. Referred by the clerk to one of the proprietors, he denounced the affair as "a confounded swindle." The proprietor then asked him if he intended to be personal. "No," replied Knowles, "on the contrary, if you are Saunders, d—n Ottley, and if you are Ottley, d—n Saunders."

SERVICE OF SOCIALISM.

Socialists have laid us under a deep indebtedness in two ways. In the first place, they have set us a splendid example not only of energy and of enterprise in working for a cause, but they have also shown us a spirit of generosity, not to say of self sacrifice, by the way they go to work in their attempt to establish a commonwealth with a very problematical future and a very uncertain destiny. In the second place, they have done a great and valuable work in calling our attention to some of the social evils of the day. In fact, reading the history of socialism is almost like reading the history of the quest for the philosopher's stone, which was to transmute all metals into gold. The object sought for in both cases is unattainable. You can no more revolutionize human nature than you can turn iron into gold. Yet the search in both cases has resulted in a number of byproducts not without their use. Alchemy gave all impetus to modern chemistry, and has not socialism given incentive to social science to which many Socialists have contributed valuable service? Righteous indignation at injustice and strenuous endeavor to right it spring spontaneous from human nature wherever it is found unspoiled, and I am one who firmly believes that the spirit to make what is all wrong all right is a spirit that is growing all the time.—Father Bernard Vaughan

If You Don't Believe It

when we tell you people read The News just try a simple test. Go to the post office on a Friday evening when people are getting their mail and

Watch 'em

You will see that nearly every one takes home a copy of The News. Most of them read it on the way to avoid competition with the rest of the family when the paper reaches the home. A paper that is read like that is a good advertising medium.

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Brief Items of Interest

Hix Rhorrburg was visiting friends here on Monday.

The Dickens Club was delightfully entertained by Mrs. L. L. Krebs this week.

Miss Helen Seeley has gone to Balboa where she will visit Miss Dorothy Mitchell.

Mr. J. V. Bartol, of Long Beach, is spending a few days at his home on Baldwin avenue.

Mrs. M. M. Olds has had as guests this week Mrs. Gregg and daughters, of Phoenix, Ariz.

Mrs. J. H. Burton, of Ocean Park, is the guest of Mrs. George Humphries on Carter avenue.

Mr. Harry Yerxa returned Saturday from Inyo county, where he has been for the past month.

Miss Frances Edwards, of Los Angeles, was the week-end guest of Miss Katherine Torrance.

Mrs. Laura Stevenson and daughter, Miss Janet, left Wednesday for a week's stay at La Mirada.

Mrs. Beyers and Miss Hersa Lea leave this week for Los Angeles where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Carlton Peglar and family have gone to Redondo where they will spend the summer in their beach cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Andrews leave Saturday by boat for San Diego where they expect to remain for a week.

Mrs. Adeline Clark and Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Moore, of Los Angeles, were the guests of Mrs. A. S. Moore last week.

Mr. E. Waldo Ward is visiting at his home on East Highland avenue, and will remain there about three weeks.

Mr. Willard Scott, William Wright, and John Colleen, of Pasadena, leave today for an outing at Chilao and the West Fork.

Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Blakesley, and the Misses Funk of Los Angeles have been the guests of Mrs. J. H. Nightingale for a week.

Mrs. A. S. Moore, Mrs. Howard Hill and Miss Hazel Hill spent Thursday at Balboa Island. Miss Hill will remain there a few days with friends.

A recent sale of property is that of the Cline home on East Grand avenue to Mr. E. Elsner, of Los Angeles. Mr. Elsner will make his home in Sierra Madre.

An orchestra of eight pieces has recently been organized with Mr. Frank Taylor as director. A weekly practise is held Tuesday evenings at the home of Mr. Nightingale.

Miss Katherine Torrance and her cousin Miss Henderson were the guests of honor at a delightful dance given by Miss Torrance's aunt, Mrs. Welch, of Pasadena, at the Valley Hunt Club. A number of Sierra Madre guests were present.

It is with regret that the many friends of Miss Evelyn Rice hear of her serious illness and of the necessity of her giving up the position as society news gatherer for the Sierra Madre News and city papers. Her position will be filled by Miss Dorothy Humphries.

Miss Ruth Sparks spent Tuesday visiting friends at Ocean Park.

Dr. Thomas Baird and wife of Colorado were the guests of Mrs. S. C. Davis last week.

Mrs. J. B. Morrow and Mrs. Tom Chapman were the guests of Mrs. W. H. Ingraham on Wednesday.

Mrs. Florence Cheney, who is spending the summer at Long Beach, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. E. W. Mead.

Mr. Carr, of Pasadena, has been doing some fine wondow decorating at The First National Bank and Patterson's confectionery store.

The extreme hot weather of the past few days is attracting all those who are able to get away to the Beaches in search of the cool sea breezes.

Dr. and Mrs. Mackerras and Miss Jean Craig, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gray, and Mrs. Amelia Jenson are enjoying a week's outing at Sturdevant's Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hartman and daughter Vera are spending the day at Ocean Park as guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Kersting who are enjoying the summer at the beach.

Miss Florence Vannier entertained the Modern Priscillas at her home on Thursday afternoon. The time was spent in sewing and social chat and dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Ray L. Moses, wife and daughter, of Los Angeles, and Rolla Moses of Pasadena, visited at the home of Rev. W. H. Hannaford Sunday afternoon. The Messrs. Moses are former residents of Lancaster, Wis., which place Rev. Hannaford and family were located before coming to Sierra Madre.

A jolly party of young people enjoyed a picnic in Bailey's canyon on Sunday. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. E. W. Camp. Among those present were the Misses Katherine Torrance, Dorothy Camp, Delora Baird, all of this city, and Miss Frances Edwards of Los Angeles. Messrs Raymond Andrews, Lawrence Nourse, Fred Linton, Victor Hill, and Charles Schwartz, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Conard entertained with a tennis party Wednesday afternoon. Tennis was enjoyed during the afternoon and a delightful supper was served under the trees. Those present were the Misses Hawks, Humphries, and Dorothy Humphries, Messrs. Scott, Lambert, Baugh, and Torrance.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE

Mrs. C. Watkins has opened a first class boarding house on Auburn avenue in the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Rice. The house is newly furnished and excellent meals are provided.

NO TROUBLE to rid your stock and barns of flies with Conkey's Fly Knocker. Price 1 quart 35c; half gallon 60c; one gallon $1.00. Guaranteed by Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co. 41-44

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DRESSMAKING — Mrs. C. M. Ellsworth, 38 N. Windsor Lane.

"Have you ever loaned Brown any money?" "I don't know." "Don't know?" How is that?" "I transferred some to him, but I'm not sure yet whether he considers it a loan or a present."—Boston Transcript.

"How's your insomnia, Slocum?" "Worse and worse! I can't even sleep when it's time to get up!"—Laughter.

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Sierra Madre Directory

BOARD OF TRUSTEES—C. W. Jones, Chairman, J. J. Graham, N. H. Hosmer, J. C. Peglar, L. E. Steinberger. Regular meetings in City Hall, second and fourth Thursday evenings.

City Clerk, C. H. Perry; Attorney, C. C. Montgomery; Treasurer, J. L. Turner; Marshal and Tax Collector, A. M. Udell; Street Superintendent, N. H. Hosmer; Engineer, W. F. Bixby.

BOARD OF TRADE

ORGANIZED to promote the civic and commercial development of Sierra Madre. Meets in City Hall on second Monday evening of each month at 8 p. m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

SIERRA MADRE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY—Central avenue, W. of Lima. Open each weekday afternoon from 1:30 to 5:30 and from 7 to 9 o'clock each evening. Mrs. F. B. Wheatley, Librarian. Municipal Library Board—George B. Morgridge, Chairman; H. J. Potter, Mrs. E. T. Pierce, W. S. Andrews, J. A. Osgood.

CHURCHES

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL—Central avenue, at Hermosa. Rev. W. H. Hannaford, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; morning service, 11 a. m.; Christian Endeavor Society, 6:45 p. m.; evening service, 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION (Episcopal)—Dr. George H. Cornell, Rector. Residence, The Rectory. Phone Black 79. Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; Morning Prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; Holy Communion first Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; on the greater festival and other days by appointment, 7:30 a. m.; Sunday evening service from October to July, 7:30 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC—Chapel on Highland avenue, east of Baldwin. Rev. M. A. Baith in charge. Services at 9 a. m. Sunday.

HOME OF TRUTH—493 Auburn Ave. Sunday service, 3.30 p.m. Bible lesson, Wednesday, 3 p.m. Healing meeting, Friday, 8 p.m. All are welcome.

FRATERNAL

SIERRA MADRE LODGE, No. 408, F. & A. M.—Stated meeting first Tuesday in each month. All visiting Masons welcome. Club House Hall. W. J. Lawless, W. M. J. D. Mackerras, Secretary.

SIERRA MADRE CHAPTER, O. E. S., No. 259, meets the first and third Mondays of each month in Woman's Club House Hall at 8 p.m. Visiting members welcome. Mrs. Frank Biederman, W. M. H. S. Inbinger, Secretary.

SIERRA MADRE POST OFFICE

Mail Arrives

From the East—9 a. m.; 10 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 6 p. m.
From the West—9 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.; 6 p.m.

Mail Departs

For the East—7:40 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 2:15 p. m.; 4:30 p. m.
For the West—7:40 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 4:30 p. m.

Post Office Hours

Delivery—7:30 a. m. to 6:40 p. m. Lobby open till 8 p. m. Lobby open Sundays 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Leave Los Angeles		Leave Sierra Madre	
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
5:50	12:05	6:10	12:10
7:25	12:25!	7:00	1:10
7:05	1:05	7:30!	1:42!
8:05	2:05	8:10	2:10
9:05	3:05	9:10	3:10
10:05	4:05	10:10	4:10
11:05	4:45	11:10	5:10
	5:05		5:45
	5:30		6:08
	6:05		7:05
	8:05		9:00
	9:55		10:50
	11:45		

! Express and passenger, except Sundays.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

By
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday, Page & Co

SYNOPSIS

Although a good scholar, Elnora Comstock, entering high school, is abashed by her country dress. She needs $20 for books and tuition fees. Her mother is unsympathetic, and Elnora tells her troubles to Wesley Sinton, an old neighbor.

When Elnora was born her father was drowned in a swamp, embittering her mother's life. Elnora determines to raise money by gathering forest specimens. The Sintons buy clothes for her.

Elnora, getting her books cheaply, finds a market with the Bird Woman for butterflies, Indian relics, etc.

Mrs. Comstock's devotion to her husband's memory will not permit her to sell trees or have oil wells dug on her land. The Sintons bring Elnora new clothing.

Elnora is delighted with her outfit. Her mother says she must pay for it. Wesley and Margaret Sinton discuss the girl's affairs.

Pete Corson, a Limberlost frequenter, warns Elnora not to visit the Limberlost at night or go far into the swamp at any time.

Billy, a bright but untrained little chap, with a shiftless father and hungry brother and sister, gets Elnora's luncheon. Wesley, troubled by Corson's warning, investigates.

Sinton finds some one has been spying on Elnora. The girl feeds Billy again. She is "taken up" by the high school girls.

Billy's father dies, and the lad is taken home by Sinton, who makes provision for his brother and sister.

Margaret finds Billy mischievous, but her heart softens, and he is adopted. Pete helps Elnora to collect specimens. She buys a Mark Twain book for her mother.

Elnora, having musical talent, is told by Margaret of her father's violin in secret keeping. Margaret gets the violin for the girl.

CHAPTER XI.

Wherein Mrs. Comstock and Mrs. Sinton Clash Over Billy.

SINTON sat still. At last Billy, tired of the swing, came to him and leaned his slight body against the big knee.

"Am I going to sleep here?" he asked.

"Sure you are," said Sinton.

"Where can he sleep?" he asked Margaret.

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered.

"Oh, I can sleep ist any place," said Billy, "on the floor or anywhere. Home I sleep on pa's coat on a store box, and Jimmy and Belle they sleep on the store box too. I sleep between them so's I don't roll off and crack my head. Ain't you got a store box and a old coat?"

Sinton arose and opened a folding lounge. Then he brought an armload of clean horse blankets from a closet.

"These don't look like the nice white bed a little boy should have, Billy," he said, "but we'll make them do. This will beat a store box all hollow."

Billy took a long leap for the lounge. When he found it bounced he proceeded to bounce until he was tired. By that time the blankets had to be refolded. Wesley had Billy take one end and help, while both of them seemed to enjoy the job. Then Billy lay down and curled up in his clothes like a little dog. But sleep would not come. Finally he sat up. He stared around restlessly. Then he arose, went to Sinton and leaned against his knee. Sinton picked up the boy and folded his arms around him. Billy sighed in rapturous content.

"That bed feels so lost like," he said. "Jimmy always jabbed me on one side and Belle on the other, and so I knew I was there."

Billy slid from Sinton's arms and walked toward Margaret until he reached the middle of the room. Then he stopped and at last sat on the floor. Finally he lay down and closed his eyes. "This feels more like my bed; if only Jimmy and Belle was here to crowd up a little so it wasn't so alone like."

"Won't I do, Billy?" asked Sinton in a husky voice.

Billy moved restlessly. "Seems like—seems like—toward night as if a body got kind o' lonesome for a woman person—like her."

Billy indicated Margaret. "You don't like boys, do you?" he questioned.

"I like good boys," said Margaret.

Billy was at her knee instantly. "Well, say, I'm a good boy," he announced joyously.

"I do not think boys who hurt helpless kittens and pull out turkeys' tails are good boys."

"Yes, but I didn't hurt the kittens," explained Billy. "They got mad 'bout ist a little fun and scratched each other. I didn't s'pose they'd act like that. And I didn't pull the turkey's tail. I ist held on to the first thing I grabbed and the turkey pulled. Honest, it was the turkey pulled." He turned to Sinton. "You tell her. Didn't the turkey pull? I didn't know its tail was loose, did I?"

"I don't think you did, Billy," said Sinton.

Billy stared into Margaret's cold face. "Sometimes at night Belle sits on the floor and I lay my head in her lap. I could pull up a chair and lay my head in your lap—like this, I

(Continued on Page 3)

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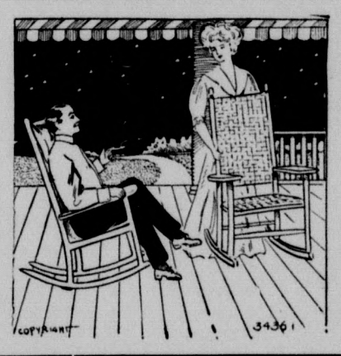

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A Girl of the Limberlost

(Continued from Page 2)

mean." Billy pulled up a chair, climbed on it and laid his head on Margaret's lap. Then he shut his eyes again. Margaret could have looked little more repulsed if he had been a snake.

Billy was soon up.

"My, but your lap is hard," he said. "And you are a good deal fatter 'an Belle, too." He slid from the chair and came back to the middle of the room.

"Oh, but I wisht my pa wasn't dead!" he cried. The flood broke and Billy screamed in desperation.

Out of the night a soft, warm young figure flashed through the door and with a swoop caught him in her arms. She dropped into a chair, nestled him closely and drooped her fragrant brown head over his little bullet eyed red one and rocked softly as she crooned over him:

"Billy, boy, where have you been?
Oh, I have been to seek a wife.
She's the joy of my life.
But, then, she's a young thing, and she can't leave her mammy!"

Billy gripped her with a death grip. Elnora wiped his eyes, kissed his face, swayed and sang.

"Do you love me tight as that?" he questioned blissfully.

"Yes, bushels and bushels," said Elnora. "Better than any little boy in the whole world."

Billy looked at Margaret. "She don't!" he said. "She don't want me here 't all."

Elnora smothered his face against her breast and rocked.

"You love me, don't you?" he said.

"I will if you will go to sleep."

"Every single day you will give me your dinner for the bologna, won't you?" said Billy.

"Yes, I will," replied Elnora. "But you will have as good lunch as I do after this. You will have milk, eggs, chicken, all kinds of good things, little pies and cakes, maybe."

Billy shook his head. "I am going back home soon as it is light," he said. "She don't want me. She thinks I'm a bad boy. She's going to whip me—if he lets her. She said so. I heard her. Oh, I wish he hadn't died! I want to go home." Billy shrieked again.

Mrs. Comstock had started to walk slowly and meet Elnora. The girl had been so late that her mother reached the Sinton gate and came up the path until the picture inside became visible. Elnora had told her about Sinton taking Billy home. Mrs. Comstock had some curiosity to see how Margaret bore the unexpected addition to her family. Billy's voice, raised with excitement, was plainly audible. She could see Elnora holding him and hear his excited wail. Sinton's face was drawn and haggard and Margaret's set and defiant. A very imp of perversity entered the breast of Mrs. Comstock and danced there.

"Holty, toity!" she said as she suddenly appeared in the door. "Blest if I ever heard a man making sounds like that before!"

Billy ceased suddenly. Mrs. Comstock was tall, angular, and her hair was prematurely white, for she was only thirty-six, though she looked fifty. But there was an expression on her usually cold face that was attractive just then, and Billy was in search of attractions.

"Do you like boys?" he questioned.

"If there is anything I love it is a boy," said Mrs. Comstock assuringly. Billy was on the floor.

"Do you like dogs?"

"Yes, almost as well as boys. I am going to buy a dog just as soon as I can find a good one."

Billy swept toward her with a whoop.

"Do you want a boy?" he shouted.

Katharine Comstock stretched out her arms and gathered him in.

"Of course I want a boy!" she rejoiced.

"Maybe you'd like to have me?" offered Billy.

"Sure I would," triumphed Mrs. Comstock. "Any one would like to have you. You are just a real boy, Billy."

"Will you take Snap?"

"I'd like to have Snap almost as well as you."

"Mother!" breathed Elnora imploringly. "Don't! Oh, don't! He thinks you mean it!"

"And so I do mean it," said Mrs. Comstock. "I'll take him in a jiffy. I throw away enough to feed a little tyke like him every day. His chatter would be great company while you are gone. Blood soon can be purified with right food and baths, and as for Snap I meant to get a bulldog, but possibly Snap will serve just as well. All I ask of a dog is to bark at the right time. I'll do the rest. Would you like to come and be my boy, Billy?"

Billy leaned against Mrs. Comstock, reached his arms around her neck and gripped her with all his puny might. "You can whip me all you want to," he said. "I won't make a sound."

Mrs. Comstock held him closely and her hard face was softening. Of that there could not be a doubt.

"You like boys!" exulted Billy, and his head dropped against Mrs. Comstock in unspeakable content.

"Yes, and if I don't have to carry you the whole way home we must start right now," said Mrs. Comstock. "You are going to be asleep before you know it."

"Billy, are you going to leave without even saying goodby to me?" asked Sinton, with a great gulp in his throat.

Billy held tight to Mrs. Comstock and Elnora.

"Goodby!" he said casually. "I'll come and see you some time."

Wesley Sinton gave a smothered sob and strode from the room.

Mrs. Comstock started for the door, dragging at Billy as Elnora pulled back, but Mrs. Sinton was before them, her eyes flashing.

"Kate Comstock, you think you are mighty smart, don't you?" she cried.

"I ain't in the lunatic asylum, where you belong, anyway," said Mrs. Comstock. "I am smart enough to tell a dandy boy when I see him, and I'm good and glad to get him. I'll love to have him!"

"Well, you won't have him!" exclaimed Margaret Sinton. "That boy is Wesley's. He got him and brought him here. You can't come in and take him like that. Let go of him!"

Wesley Sinton appeared behind Margaret in the doorway, and she turned to him. "Make Kate Comstock let go of our boy!" she demanded.

"Billy, she wants you now," said Wesley Sinton. "She won't whip you, and she won't let any one else. You can have stacks of good things to eat, ride in the carriage and have a great time. Won't you stay with us?"

Billy drew away from Mrs. Comstock and Elnora.

He faced Margaret, his eyes shrewd with unchildish wisdom. Necessity had taught him to strike the hot iron, to drive the hard bargain.

"Can I have Snap to live here always?" he demanded.

"Yes, you can have all the dogs you want," said Margaret Sinton.

"Can I sleep close enough so's I can touch you?"

"Yes. You can move your lounge up so that you can hold my hand," said Margaret.

"Do you love me now?" questioned Billy.

"I'll try to love you if you are a good boy," said Margaret.

"Then I guess I'll stay," said Billy, walking over to her.

Out in the night Elnora and her mother went down the road in the moonlight, and every few rods Mrs. Comstock laughed aloud.

"Mother, I don't understand you," sobbed Elnora.

"Well, maybe when you have gone to high school long you will," said Mrs. Comstock. "Anyway, you saw me bring Mag Sinton to her senses, didn't you?"

* * * * * * *

On Sunday, while Mrs. Comstock was in town with the Sintons, Elnora, although repeatedly cautioned not to enter the Limberlost alone, went after specimens and was soon carrying five fine cocoons of different species as her reward. She pushed back her hair and gazed around longingly. A few rods inside she thought she saw cocoons on a bush, to which she went and found several. Sense of caution was rapidly vanishing; she was in a fair way to forget everything and plunge into the swamp when she thought she heard footsteps coming down the trail. She went back and came out almost facing Pete Corson.

That ended her difficulty. She had known him since childhood. When she sat on the front bench of the Brushwood schoolhouse Pete had been one of

Came Out Almost Facing Pete Corson.

the big boys at the back of the room. He had been rough and wild, but she never had been afraid of him, and often he had given her pretty things from the swamp.

"What luck!" she cried. "I promised mother I would not go inside the swamp alone, and will you look at the cocoons I've found! There are more just screaming for me to come get them, because the leaves will fall with the first frost, and then the jays and crows will begin to tear them open. I haven't much time, since I'm going to school. You will go with me, Pete! Please say yes! Just a little way!"

"What are those things?" asked the man, his keen black eyes fast upon her.

"They are the cases these big caterpillars spin for winter, and in the spring they come out great night moths, and I can sell them. Oh, Pete, I can sell them for enough to take me through high school and dress me so like the rest that I don't look different, and if I have very good luck I can save some for college. Pete, please go with me?"

"Why don't you go like you always have?"

"Well, the truth is, I had a little scare," said Elnora. "I never did mean to go alone. Sometimes I sort of wandered inside farther than I intended, chasing things. You know Duncan gave me Freckles' books, and I have been gathering moths like he did. Lately I found I could sell them. If I can make a complete collection I can get $300 for it. Three such collections would take me almost through college and I've four years in the high school yet. That's a long time. I might get them."

"Can every kind there is be found here?"

"No; not all of them, but when I get more than I need of one kind I can trade them with collectors farther north and west so I can complete sets. It's the only way I see to earn the money. Look what I have already. Big gray cecropias come from this kind, brown polyphemus from that and green lunas from these. You aren't working on Sunday. Go with me just an hour, Pete!"

The man looked at her narrowly. She was young, wholesome and beautiful. She was innocent, intensely in earnest and she needed the money—he knew that.

"You didn't tell me what scared you," he said.

"Oh, I thought I did! Why, you know, I had Freckles' box packed full of moths and specimens, and one evening I sold some to the Bird Woman. Next morning I found a note telling me it wasn't safe to go inside the swamp. That sort of scared me. I think I'll go alone rather than miss the chance, but I'd be so happy if you would take care of me. Then I could go anywhere I chose, because if I mired you could pull me out. You will take care of me, Pete?"

That was the finishing stroke.

"Yes, I'll take care of you," promised Pete Corson.

"Goody!" said Elnora. "Let's start quick! And Pete, you look at these closely, and when you are hunting or going along the road if one dangles under your nose you cut off the little twig and save it for me, will you?"

"Yes, I'll save you all I see," promised Pete. He pushed back his hat and followed Elnora. She plunged fearlessly through bushes, over underbrush and across dead logs. One minute she was crying wildly that here was a big one, the next she was reaching for a limb above her head or on her knees overturning dead leaves under a hickory or oak tree or pushing aside black muck with her bare hands as she searched for buried pupae cases. For the first hour Pete bent back bushes and followed, carrying what Elnora discovered. Then he found one.

"Is this the kind of thing you are looking for?" he asked bashfully as he presented a wild cherry twig.

"Oh, Pete, that's a promethea! I didn't even hope to find one."

"What's the bird like?" asked Pete.

"Almost black wings," said Elnora, "with clay colored edges and the most wonderful wine colored flush over the under side if it's a male and stronger wine above and below if it's a female. Oh, aren't I happy!"

"How would it do to make what you have into a bunch that we could leave here and come back for them?"

"That would be all right."

Relieved of his load, Pete began work. First he narrowly examined the cocoons Elnora had found. He questioned her as to what other kinds would be like. He began to use the eyes of a trained woodman and hunter in her behalf. He saw several so easily and moved through the forest so softly that Elnora forgot the moths in watching him. Presently she was carrying the specimens and he was making the trips of investigation to see which was a cocoon and which a curled leaf, or he was down on his knees digging around stumps. As he worked he kept asking questions. What kind of logs were best to look beside, what trees were pupae cases most likely to be under, on what bushes did caterpillars spin most frequently? Time passed, as it always does when one's occupation is absorbing.

When the Sintons had taken Mrs. Comstock home they stopped to see if Elnora was safe. She was not at home, and they had not seen her along the way. Mrs. Comstock called about the edge of her woods and received no reply. Then Sinton turned and drove back to the Limberlost. He left Margaret and Mrs. Comstock holding the team and entertaining Billy and entered the swamp.

Elnora and Pete had left a wide trail behind them. Before Sinton had thought of calling he heard voices and approached with some caution. Soon he saw Elnora, her flushed face beaming as she bent with an armload of twigs and branches and talked to a kneeling man.

"Now go cautiously," she was saying. "I am just sure we will find an imperialis here. It's their very kind of a place. There! What did I tell you! Isn't that splendid? Oh, I am so glad you came with me!"

Sinton stood and stared in speechless astonishment, for the man had risen, brushed the dirt from his hands and held out to Elnora a small shining dark pupa case. As his face swung into view Sinton almost cried out, for he was the man of all others Wesley knew with whom he most feared for Elnora's safety. She had him on his knees digging pupae cases for her from the loose swamp loam.

"Elnora!" called Sinton. "Elnora!"

"Oh, Uncle Wesley," cried the girl, "see what luck we've had! I know we have a dozen and a half cocoons, and we have three pupae cases. It's much harder to get the cases because you have to dig for them, and you can't see where to look. But Pete is fine at it. He's found three, and he says he will keep watch along the roads and through the woods as he hunts. Isn't that splendid of him? Uncle Wesley, there is a college over there on the western edge of the swamp. Look closely and you can see the great dome up among the clouds."

"I should say you have had luck," said Sinton, striving to make his voice natural. "But I thought you were not coming to the swamp?"

"Well, I wasn't," said Elnora, "but I couldn't find many anywhere else, honest I couldn't, and just as soon as I came to the edge I began to see them here. I kept my promise. I didn't come in alone. Pete came with me. He's so strong. He isn't afraid of anything, and he's perfectly splendid to locate cocoons. He's found half of these. Come on, Pete. It's getting dark now, and we must go."

They started for the trail, Pete carrying the cocoons. He left them at the case, while Elnora and Sinton went on to the carriage together.

"Elnora Comstock, what does this mean?" demanded her mother.

"It's all right. One of the neighbors was with her, and she got several dollars' worth of stuff," interposed Sinton.

(Continued next week)

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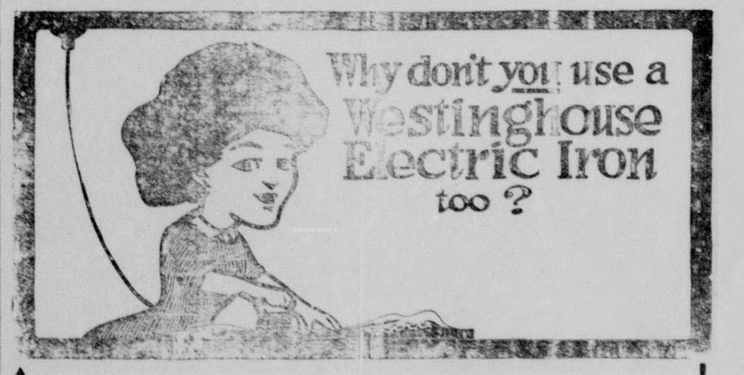

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WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

I am not one of those who believe suffrage should be conferred on any individual because he is a man or denied any individual because she is a woman. The duty of suffrage should be conferred solely with reference to the needs of good and wise government, and women are quite as well able to deal with such issues as men. Nor am I one of those who believe that the polling place is unfit for a good woman to frequent. If this should be so it must be changed or the republic cannot endure. Still less do I agree with the degrading argument that suffrage should be conferred upon women because it will benefit them. Suffrage must be a duty and not a privilege.—Dr. Talcott Williams, Director of Pulitzer School of Journalism.

OPPORTUNITY.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tell him what to do.
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled
—Lowell

Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait
—Milton

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
—Shakespeare.

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FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1912

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

OH, THE SPRING HAS COME AGAIN

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
With beauty in her train,
And her own sweet buds are springing
To her merry feet again!
They welcome her onward footsteps
With a fragrance full of song,
And they bid her sip from each dewy lip
Of the rosy tinted throng.

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
And her eye is bright and blue,
With a misty passionate light that veils
The earth in its joyous hue!
And a single violet in her hair
And a light flush in her cheek
Tell of the blossoms maids should wear
And the love tales they should speak.

Oh, life's spring can come but once, love,
And its summer will soon depart,
And its autumn flowers will soon be nipped
By the winter of the heart!
But yet we can fondly dream, love,
That a fadeless spring shall bloom
When the sun of a new existence dawns
On the darkness of the tomb.
—Jonathan Laurence, Jr. (1807-33)

THE WINTER IS PAST.

THE winter it is past, and simmer comes at last,
And the little birds sing on every tree
Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

THE rose upon the brier by the waters running clear
May have charms for the linnet or the bee
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.
—Robert Burns

AN EMBER PICTURE.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long buried—good rest to their souls!—

Her face shines out in the embers,
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'Tis the face that can never grow older,
That can never part with its gleam
'Tis a gracious possession forever
For is it not all a dream?
—James Russell Lowell

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL."

THIS life is a difficult riddle,
For how many people we see
With faces as long as a fiddle
Which ought to be shining with glee!
I'm sure in this world there is plenty
Of good things enough for us all,
Yet there is not one out of twenty
But thinks that his share is too small.

CHORUS

Then what is the use of repining?
For where there's a will there's a way
Tomorrow the sun may be shining,
Although it be cloudy today.

Did you ever hear tell of the spider
Who tried hard the wall up to climb?
If you will take this as a guider
You'll find it will serve you in time
Nine times he tried hard to be mounting,
But every time he had a fall,
So he tried hard again without counting
And of course reached the top of the wall.

Some grumble because they're not married
And cannot procure a good wife,
While others they wish they had tarried
And long for a bachelor's life
This life it is really bewildering
Some grumble—they must be in fun—
Because they have too many children
And others because they have none.
—Unidentified

THE BAUBLE.

Behold the child by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
—Alexander Pope.

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Gems In Verse

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.

I WISH that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do,
But forgot and remembered too late—
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again,
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,
And what had seemed loss would be gain.
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away.
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door
And never put on again.
—Smart Set.

STORM LIGHT.

THE thick battalions of the rain
Tramp on the misty hillsides dimly.
I see along the sullen plain
Phantoms of nightfall gather grimly.

BUT from the gateway of the west
There comes a flood of gold outflowing
That lights the passing sea bird's breast
And gilds the hilltops with its glowing.

ON rock and tree and grassy glade
Flashes the swift, transfiguring brightness,
While lingering rainbow fragments fade
On leaden skies that clear to whiteness.

THEN comes the closing of the gate—
The flame of glory falls to ashes.
The far and near are desolate
With clouds that wrap and rain that lashes.
—London Evening Standard.

SONG.

Oh, what comes over the sea,
Shoals and quicksand past?
And what comes home to me,
Sailing slow, sailing fast?

A wind comes over the sea
With a moan in its blast,
But nothing comes home to me,
Sailing slow, sailing fast.

Let me be, let me be,
For my lot is cast.
Land or sea, all's one to me,
And sail it slow or fast.
—Christina Rossetti.

THE WISDOM OF YOUTH.

SHE has only turned eighteen.
Not a tear her cheek has stained.
By no sad and tragic scene
Has her happy heart been pained.
But she'll tell you what to do
In the heat and din of strife
Just as though she really knew
All there is to know of life.

She has studied Greek and French,
She has read philosophy,
But her heart has known no wrench
Due to grief or misery.
So she laughs our woes away,
And she tells us what to do
With our troubles every day
Just as though she really knew.

She has only turned eighteen
She has merely sipped the sweet
Of life's nectar and has been
Where the clover kissed her feet,
And so we of wrinkled brow
And of battered heart just smile
When our daughter tells us how
To be happy all the while.

And we pray from day to day
That she'll never know the rough
Of life's sometimes troubled way
Or complain of its rebuff.
And we pray she'll never meet
With the heartache of the strife.
In the sunshine and the sweet
May she read her book of life.
—Detroit Free Press.

WATER, LITERALLY OCEANS OF IT

An immense underground lake of water has been discovered near San Jacinto, California. A mere crust of earth, in some places but a few feet in thickness, has shielded for ages an immense body of water, sufficient to flood the entire country for miles around, which means that this fertile, semi-tropical beauty spot will in short order be the Garden of Eden of the whole state. All these lands are unsurpassed in fertility, productiveness and climatic conditions. All of which is proven by the thousands of acres of beautiful orchards and thrifty ranches under a previous water development. We state, without fear of contradiction, that this neighborhood contains a greater number of well kept fruit orchards than any other section of equal size in the whole State of California, and we state further that they will show a much greater percentage of profit. There is no scale or pests to fight, or failures to sadden the heart.

A Committee with autos has been appointed to show everybody around free, and we extend a hearty invitation to all of our good neighbors to see this beautiful little Valley of ours in all its glory. Come over on the Santa Fe in the morning, back in the evening. **The San Jacinto Board of Trade, San Jacinto, Cal.**

LOOK for another message in this paper next issue. Send card for photographs and further particulars.

HOW TO PUT AWAY FURS.

Simple Method For Safely Storing Garments During Summer.

It is often declared that the storing of valuable furs at home is a false economy, but it is one which the woman who possesses valuable furs seldom attempts to practice. The very fact of her being able to buy such things argues that when warm weather comes along the problem of storage is promptly solved by her maid going to the telephone and ringing up a good firm of furriers with instructions to call for madam's beautiful peltry next morning. The furs go away, are cleaned and lie in an arctic atmosphere until October comes nipping and madam wants them again.

But the average woman, with her one fur coat or her muff and stole, seldom wishes to involve the expense entailed by such a proceeding, and it is not entirely necessary that she should.

Cleaning is the first matter to be considered when putting away furs. A sunny, breezy day should be chosen for the task, and each article beaten out of doors with a light cane beater and left for some hours to become thoroughly aired. Notice whether any fluff flies from the fur during the beating, as this is a sure sign that the moths have been there already.

The coarser sorts of fur, such as are used for heavy motor coats, will stand a firm brushing with a fairly hard brush, but a softer brush must be used for the more delicate skins, which should also be brushed after their beating.

Bran which has been heated in the oven and then rubbed into the fur is an excellent cleansing medium. Powdered magnesia may be used in the same way for white furs. After another shaking the furs are ready to be put away.

A stout chest lined with tarred paper is an excellent storing place. Each garment should be wrapped in newspaper—moths dislike the odor of the ink—and whatever moth preventive the owner uses should be liberally applied.

Camphor and red pepper are not in the high favor they enjoyed in our mothers' days. It is not now considered necessary to have anything so disagreeable about one's belongings, and there is a revival of the old world custom of using cloves and cinnamon, tonquin beans and orris root. Little muslin bags of cedar wood shavings distributed among the furs are an excellent moth preventative.

If you have no suitable chest in which to store your furs a good plan is to make bags of strong unbleached linen for each article. Make them so that they draw up securely at the top, and stitch sachets containing your pet moth scarer to their insides. These bags may hang in a wardrobe, where they will be convenient for the occasional overhauling which the most carefully put away furs should have once or twice during the summer.

News Liners

Advertising inserted under this heading at the rate of five cents per line for each insertion.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Cheap, surrey in excellent condition, and single harness. Inquire of Mrs. N. H. Hosmer. 40-41

FOR SALE—Apricots at 2½ cents a pound. At the white house, North Adams St. 41*

FOR SALE—1910 Indian motorcycle in good condition. Apply at Dupuet's. 31*

FOR SALE—Fine oak fire wood. 96 cu. ft. cord, 14 inch lengths, for $15 delivered. Phone Red 14. 41tf

FOR SALE—Golden Seabright Bantams. Arthur Evans, Phone Green 16. 41

FOR SALE—Nice gentle mare for driving or light work, with good harness and buggy, cheap to party with a good home. Also female Angora goat for breeding or driving, to exchange for chickens or young turkeys. Phone Green 82. 41

FOR RENT—Furnished cottage with 3 rooms and bath. 105 S. Hermosa. 41*

WANTED TO RENT — Four or five shares of water. Address P. O. Box 57

FOUND—Key for Yale lock. Owner can have same by identifying at News office and paying for this ad. 39

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GEORGE H. HUTTON
(Incumbent)
Announces His Candidacy to Succeed Himself as
Judge of the Superior Court
Of Los Angeles County

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE
G. Ray Horton
Chief Trial Deputy District Attorney
Subject to decision of the voters of Los Angeles County at primary election on September 3, 1912.

Shine! Shine! Georgie Wright will fit your shoes with the finest kind of a shine if you take them to the barber shop. He will also run errands or carry parcels for you.

The News Liner Column is a great market place for all classes of goods and real estate. Try it.

Engraved cards in approved styles at the News Printery.

Just Received Shipment of Hilvilla Tea

In one-half and one pound tins.

Try it.

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

A GENERATION ago the kids ate bread and butter with sugar on it. Today they eat bread and butter with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on it.

This is the Beech-Nut age, when children grow strong on the peanut butter they like so well—Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Comes only in glass jars—airless sealed. Try a 15c jar today.

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"Your Grocer"
Telephone Main 6 — Cor. Central and Baldwin

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EVERYTHING IN
Drugs, Sundries and Sick Room Supplies
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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Funeral Directors
Resident Undertaker — Olsen Bldg. — Lady Assistant
Corner Baldwin and Central — Phone Main 93
Auto and Horse Drawn Ambulances

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